

a place of safety ere it is too late? or are we at the mercy of flying debris?

In life there are clouds of sorrow, of disappointment, of depression, of disability, at last all unite into the cloud of surrendered discouragements. Satan is continually upon us, where shall we go? To whom can we appeal? Down in the depths of the soul is that "still small voice" speaking to you and to me. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Well could Daniel be loyal, fearing neither man or beast, with so firm faith in the living God. David known as the shepherd boy, in later years after his name had become famous as a man of God. Paul says, "when we think we are strong, then are we weak," then came temptations and sorrow which compassed him about, his enemies to assail him, but in the midst of all he turned to God for refuge and said,—"Thou wilt shew me the path of light, in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore. As for me I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

Oh, that more would heed the call as did Samuel of old, awake out of slumber arise and be obedient to the message.

In traveling across the country we view the hills covered with forests or the valleys bringing forth their products, everywhere we behold beauty in nature in some form, all is thru divine appointment. It is the same hand that can calm the tempest rage, or wake from slumber those in sinful ease.

The apostle John valued religion above all else while on the Isle of Patmos when the Lord revealed to him His will.

From the depths of his heart while exiled from home, only Howard Payne could compose and sing so sweet a song as "Home, Home, Sweet Home." Beyond all conflicts and trials, to the Christian, only are the precious promises.

Religion is valuable regarding the principles and doctrines in the sacred Word and as Brethren we should accept it as our guide in all things. The practice of moral duties without a belief in a divine law giver, and without reference to His will or commandments, is not religion.

We value religion only as we are willing to be partakers of it, for "Crosses borne patiently with virtue, is like a bundle of briars thrown into the fire. The thorns are rough, but the ashes are soft."

*Goshen, Ind.*

## Sisters' Society C. E.

### SILENT WORKERS

Read at Conference by Mrs. A. H. Lichty

Of all forces invented by man, there is none to be compared with the silent forces of nature. To illustrate, watch with me the growth of the plant. How it sprouts from a small seed. How it forces its way thru the hard ground, lifting many times its own weight; pushing asunder mother earth in order to send forth its cheerful presence.

How silently it works and yet, how much is accomplished. Take for instance the tiny mustard seed, one of the most minute of all plant seeds. How silently it works and yet what a large plant it produces.

Notice again the small acorn. How insignificant it appears! But put one into the earth, and after a while it sends forth a tiny sprout, growing larger and stronger until we behold the gigantic oak. What a giant it is, and yet, was not the small acorn its silent beginning? But we seldom think of the little acorn as we gaze with admiration upon the noble tree, and sit beneath its spreading branches, refreshing our tired bodies in its shade. We could mention many others of these wonderful, silent workers, the freezing of ice, the power of electricity, steam, but we all know the energy of these and yet how silent is their work.

As the plant, as the acorn, as electricity and steam are nature's silent workers, so we are silent workers in some way, either for good or evil.

Our influence is one of the many silent ways of working. I stand upon the shore and fling a small stone into the lake. It sinks to the bottom, seemingly that is all, but not so. See the concentric rings rolling their tiny ripples among the reeds, dipping the over-hanging boughs of the willows, and producing an influence slight, but conscious to the very shores. So with us. A word of anger, scorn or pride, spoken in casual company produces a momentary notice, but is that all? No, it is not all. It deepens one man's disgust at godliness, for another sharpens the edge of sarcasm, and shamed one, half converted, out of his pendent misgivings and produces an influence slight, but eternal on the destiny of a human life.

Some one has said, "Every one is a centre of influence either for good or evil. No one can live unto himself. The meshes of a net are not more surely knit than man to man. We may forget this secret, silent influence—but we are exerting it by our deeds, we are exerting it by our words, we are exerting it by our thoughts, and he is wise who seeks to put forth the highest power for good, be his home a cabin or a palace."

In what land can we deny the influence which the mother exerts over the whole life of her children. The roughest and hardest wanderer, while tossed on the ocean, or scorching his feet on the hot sands of the desert, recurs in his loneliness and sufferings to the smiles which maternal affection shed over his infancy.

The reckless sinner, even in his hardened career occasionally hears the whisperings of these holy precepts instilled by a Christian mother, and altho they may in the fullness of guilt, be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, as to have led these sinners to a deep and lasting repentance. The home influence is either a blessing or a curse, either for good or for evil. The most illustrious statesmen, the most distinguished

warriors, the most eloquent ministers, and the greatest benefactors of human kind, owe their greatness to the fostering influence of home. Seeing then, what our influence amounts to, ought we not to watch our every action, lest we should lead some one astray. This influence is the silent working, but does it not amount to much more than many long high-sounding sermons.

As the mother's influence in the home, as the small pebbles influence on the lake, so is the S. S. C. E. to the church. Have we ever stopped to think what the church would be without this society? Its members are the silent workers, and by their willingness and faithfulness and self-sacrificing spirit, they have an influence over the church that will never end. Some think the sisters' work amounts to a trifle. All they do is the little things. But do they ever stop to think it takes the little things to accomplish the great ones? Some one has said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Springs are little things, but they are sources of great rivers. A helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship. A word, a look, a frown all are little things but powerful for good or evil. Let us think of this and mind the little things. "If you cannot be a great river bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing merrily all day and night and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by." Let us not, then, despise trifles, but be willing to do what we can however small. Each sister gives a small sum a year. It seems very small indeed, but when these small sums are all together, what is the result? We see the help to the foreign and home missions, the help to the old ministers, and last but not least, the support of the theological chair. This work is done silently, but who can deny its worth?

These sisters are doing active missionary work. Altho they cannot go themselves, they are giving the young ministers their tuition, so they can prepare themselves for the saving of precious souls for the Master. This surely is a great work done in a silent way. Realizing what we may do, let us then be more willing to do our part, however small, encouraging one another, and, doing with our might what our hands may find to do. Not only are the sisters doing work for the school, but at home, in their church; what a blessing their work is. How soon when they get in earnest, can they lift a church debt. All the repairing and such work as none else cares to do, is done by these noble workers, thus making themselves efficient to the church.

Let us then encourage these silent workers in the church and elsewhere, for surely it is a blessed work, and one that will be rewarded abundantly by the blessed Father. May we all be more willing to do what we can, however small, remembering that what we fail to do may be left forever undone.